THE HUNTRESS

EDUCATION—"*The main pillar which sustains the Temple of Liberty.*—JEFFERSON.

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SELECTED:

(From the Boston Miscellany,)

THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

It was toward the close of what had been a fine day in June, 1813, when the last rays of the departing sun, as though loth to leave so sweet a spot, were gilding the solitary spire and chimneys and house-tops of the little village of Montcaon—one of the prettiest in the South of France—and pouring down a dazzling flood of golden light along the highway leading to it, and the broad tract of surrounding country, that a way—worn traveller, afoot and alone, entered the environs of that quiet place. He was a man whose appearance was well calculated to excite curiosity and interest. He was not very young—perhaps some five and thirty summers had cheered him with their brightness—yet though he had passed through scarce half the period of years allotted to the common life of man, it was evident that those years had not been spent in idleness and ease, but had been attended with activity, adventure, and misfortunate. He was habited in the well-known uniform of the infantry of the leader of the armies of gay and conquering France, but it was soiled and tattered—having, without doubt, been through much service. He wore as apology for a cap fitted closely to his head. His knapsack, cartouch-book and an old and ragged cloak were strapped to his back—his sword in its iron scabbard dangled at his side, and in his hand he carried a long, steel-pointed staff, upon which he was obliged to lean for support at every step he took. His slow and faltering pace, his trembling limbs and the pale and haggard cast of his countenance, evinced that disease was preying on his vitals and afforded but one of the melancholy instances of broken constitution and crippled body, which fall to the lot of many of those who kindly followed the fortunes of the bright-starred Napoleon, through his early, brilliant and glorious yet mad career. The thick coats of dust and mud upon his habiliments and accoutrements told, too, that he had travelled far that day. Yet there was something more in his appearance which excited the pity and commiseration of the passers-by. His left leg from his knee downward was bound up and bandaged with strips of an old uniform coat and though he suffered his foot barely to touch the ground, and bore but slightly on it, yet much pain seemed to attend the act, and it was plain that the limb was yet suffering from the effects of some severe wound.

Slowly through village the wounded soldier dragged his wearied body, and though he often paused for a few moments to rest and gaze around him, yet he tarried not long at one spot, but immediately resumed his course toward the heart of the little place. It would seem, notwithstanding that all who passed him, young and old, male and female, appeared to know him not—that he was not an utter stranger in those parts, and looked not upon surrounding objects for the first time. Occasionally his eyes brightened and his steps became rather more elastic as he drew near to some well-remembered spot, and as he approached the market-place his breath came shorter and quicker, and an expression of anxiety and fear of learning unwelcome tidings, was manifested in his looks.—Thus on he went until he arrived in front of a little two story wooden house, at the side of the street, with an overhanging porch, and bench beneath for idlers and loungers, (which at this hour of the day, was generally as was the case now, well covered, with a motley crew of various ages and condition, smoking and gossiping together, and enjoying themselves, at the close of their day's labors after their own manner,) and a swinging sign over the door, on which in a rude attempt had been made to paint a huge, massy tankard overflowing with some kind of frothing liquid, and with letters of rumbling proportions to convey the information to all whom it might concern, that travellers were there taken in, fed and lodged at ten sous a head. Pausing in front of the door of this house, the soldier begged of a stout muscular man, (who, from his appearance, had probably never known what a day's sickness was, and who was now tipped back in his chair and puffing dense clouds of tobacco smoke from his mouth, listening the while very attentively to all that was passing between his companions,) a cup of cold water to quench his thirst. This speedily brought the landlady to the door, who thinking from the sickly and impoverished appearance of the wayfarer, that the probability was that he had but little if indeed any money to pay for anything that might be given to him, began to rail at him somewhat sharply, and threw out sundry hints and threats of loosing upon him the house dog, who at that moment, as if to add effect to his mistress's words, commenced barking furiously. The soldier turned away from her without a word of comment on his unfeeling conduct, and had made several steps from the door, when one of those who were sitting in the porch and quaffing from their overflowing cans, touched with his sad condition, called to him to turn back.

'For shame, Goody,' he said to the woman, as the soldier paused at the first kindly accents that had greeted his ears for many a day, 'for shame Goody, to treat thus one who has without doubt bled in the service of our darling Napoleon.—Come hither, friend; you shall share my cup if it is the last that I ever have. I love soldiers well—I should have been one myself but my poor old father—may he rest in peace—took a strap when, foolish boy that I was, I wanted to enlist, and beat my military fever out of me. Come hither friend. From the army?'

'From Moscow,' replied the soldier, receiving with grateful looks the can of wine which the kind villager had tendered him and drinking of the sparkling liquor at a single draught.

'From Moscow!' repeated all, while who had performed this benevolent office toward the stranger, turned his eyes with something of a gleam of triumph in them, upon the hostess and his companions, and said,

'Served you through the whole that sad campaign?'

'I did. I was among the first drafted to leave Paris. I crossed the Katocka with Murat and received this wound in my leg at the assault upon Borodino, and was in the first division of the advanced guard, that entered Moscow. I saw the city of the Czars in flames,—I saw the Kremlin blown up when Napoleon, in despair, quitted the place to return home, and I saw him who had led us into all this danger and, to many, deaths, desert those who would have given their heart's best blood for him, and seek his own safety flight.'

These words had a magical effect upon the company. Closely they collected around the soldier, and besought him to be seated, and narrate his adventures in detail. This, however, he refused, answering their pressing importunities by inquiring the way to the Rue Le Point.

The man who had been previously very kind to him, now volunteered to go with him and show him the street, and then drawing the soldiers arm within his own, he mentioned to start, and the two moved off slowly toward their destination. As they progressed, the soldier became much agitated. His limbs trembled, and, occasionally when he spoke, there was a faltering in the tones of his voice which told that his mind was ill at ease.—'You are ill,' suddenly exclaimed his kind-hearted conductor, noticing his agitation. 'Sit you down—sit down on this stone. I will go and get something to revive you.'

'No—no, I shall be better soon,' replied the soldier, 'old memories have a strange effect upon one. Tell me, does old, yellow, wooden house still stand in the street to which we are going?'

What, old Pierre Matthieus's dwelling? that it does,' responded the other, 'and a nice comfortable nest it is too.'

And the—old man—Pierre Matthieu, is he living.

Living! yes, and hale, and hearty, though he's over sixty years of age, and somewhat lame with the rhumatism, as well as stone blind, yet he is strong and vigorous, and bids fair to live some years yet. There's many a man in this village much younger than he is who would give good round sums could they be as healthy.'

The soldier raised his eyes to the evening sky above and his lips moved for a few moments as though he was holding intercourse with beings of another world, and then heaving a long, deep-drawn sigh, he turned his gaze again upon the ground.

'Blind, said you?' he said musingly.

'As blind as a bat,' replied the other.

'He was once noted for the keenness of his sight,' rejoined the soldier.

'Very likely, but we can't help the ravages of time and disease,' was the response. 'Ah! here is our street.'

They turned now down a short, narrow street which branched off from the main one. The first thing that met the sodier's glance—and it may be supposed he was upon the look—out for it—was an old house, situated about half-way down the street, once painted yellow, but now so much faded and defaced, that it would have been almost impossible to tell what its color then was with a bench at the side of the door and honeysuckles trained up on each side of the same, a large capacious garden around it, and a neat rail fence with one of the prttiest of white gates in front extending around the boundaries of the lot.

That is the house,' said the villager, and there is old Pierre Matthieu and his daughter sitting at the door.'

The soldier had perceived sitting on the bench, an old man habited in a faded suit of regimentals, and by his side the form of a young and rather pretty girl, dressed very plain and scantily, yet neat and tidy in the costume of the French peasantry of one day, and as he laid his hand upon the latch to open the gate, the latter left the side of her parent—for such he was to her—and advanced toward him

Will you give food and shelter for one night to one of the survivers of the flight from Russia?' inquired he.

Who is that?' exclaimed the old man, as these words fell upon his ear, and the mention of that melancholy disaster struck a chork of sympathy in his bosom. 'Who is that, me chere Lucie, that you are talking with?'

'It is one of the emperor's soldiers, father, just got back from Russia. Will you give him a meal and rest for the night?'

'To besure, girl, to be sure,' responded the old man,' Let him come in by all means. Perhaps he can give us some news of our poor long lost Jacques. Give him welcome Lucie.'

Thus cordially welcomed the soldier opened the little gate and entered the garden, while his friendly conductor, having fulfilled his mission, left him, after bidding him good night, and returned to the tavern where he was immediately assailed by his friends there congregated, with question as to the stranger,s history, of all of which he professed to be, as he was in reality, entirely ignorant. In the mean time, the soldier had been received with open arms by old Picare Matthieu, for the sake of the sergeee to which he was once attached himself, while his daughter busied herself in bringing out a small table from the house and dlading on it severeal dishes of lifef well calculated to tempt the appetite of any one, who like the stranger as he averred—had tasted nought save the cup of wine at the tavern, since morning. A bottle of the grape was added, and a chair being then placed close up he was bidden to be seated, and to satisfy his hunger: He did ample justice to the plain but substantial meal set before him, and smacked his lips right well when he had swallowed the wine, Having finished the repast the old man, who, during the hebad been eating had appeared to be laboring with something on his mind, abruptly demand,

'How long have you served in the army friend?'

'Twenty years.'

'Indeed!'

'Even so. Just twenty years since I ran away from my good father, and in three weeks from that time I was in my first battle.'

'Where? where;'

'At Toulon,'

Old Pierre Matthieu clasped his hands together, and the perspiration rolled down his forehead in big drops, as he said,

'Go on,—go on! I am anxious to know more—go on, where else have you been?

'In many places. I was in Flanders, in 1794. I was at Lodi, when the desperate charge across the bridge carried the day. I trod the burning sands of Egypt. I crossed the Alps with Napoleon, and I was at the bloody fight of Merango, and stood within five yards of the brave Dessix, when he was struck down by a musket ball. I was at Austerlitz, and our detachment was following close upon the enemy when the ice on one of the lakes gave way and engulfed them; and we barely escaped the same fate. I was at Jena too, and at Corunna, where Sir John Moore, as brave an officer as ever led on troops to battle, fell to rise no more. Russia was my last field, and there I received, at Borodino, the ball in my leg which I shall feel the effects of to the day of my death.'

Pierre Matthieu listened with deep attention to the recital of this short summary of the soldier's past fortunes, and when he had concluded, he exclaimed eagerly.

'Did you—did you see my Jacques? His history is near like yours, for I have never failed, until within a few years, tracing his course by the means of friends.' But where he is now!—alas! I know not. Like you, he ran away from, and was about your age, and one very easy to become acquainted with. You must have known him.'

'I did, well and intimately,' answered the soldier; 'he was a stanch friend to me, and never while I live, will I forget him or cease to love him. Poor fellow!'

'Ha! what say you?' exclaimed old Pierre, as his quick sense of hearing caught this expression of pity, 'why poor fellow?',

'Alas! he fell at Augusterlitz.'

The old man clasped his hands together again and bowed his head upon his knees. He spoke not, moved not, and for a few moments, so completely were his feelings shocked, and his whole system paralyzed, that it seemed as if his soul had left its tenement of clay. At last, raising his head he turned his shightless eyes upon the stranger, and as the big tears coursed down his cheeks he said, in a voice broken with deep emotion.

'Your last words have crushed the little hope that was springing up in my bosom. I deemed—somethiun, I know not what, tot, i me you was my long lost, my darling boy. Ah! woe's me, I never shall again hold him, as I had fondly hoped, in these old arms—I could not see him—but I might have pressed him to my bosom, and welcomed him home again. I might have told him that I had forgiven all, and once more heard his voice answered mine. Alas! I shall no more meet him here. Did he ever speak of me?'

'Often. He ever loved you, and often spoke of your teaching him when quite a lad to fence and to go terough the exercise in which you was schooled under Marshal Richelieu, in the alliance against the great Frederick.'

'My brave boy!' ejaculated the old man and then said, 'How died he? I doubt not bravely.'

'He fell like a soldier, upon a redoubt at Austerlitz, with his face to the foe, his musket in his hand which he had clubbed when ammunition failed him, and the shout of 'vive Napoleon!' ring-ing on his lips.'

'And the emperor,' gasped old Pierre Matthieu,' did—did Napoleon place on his body, when dead that which he deemed him living!,

'The cross of the Legion of honor?'

'Yes; yes.'

'It was affixed to his breast upon the field of battle and never taken from him.'

The old man again clasped his hands together while tears of joy ran down his cheeks.

'Come to my arms,' he exclaimed,' stranger though you are, I love you for my poor boy's sake, and for the tidings that you shall henceforth fill the place of my poor Jacques.,

'I will,' replied the stranger, springing toward him, 'I can conceal it no longer. Father, father, I am that Jacques whom you have mourned so long, returned to be forgiven, and to die in peace. Think not hard of the deception that I played upon you. I did indeed, fall at Austerlitz, but not in death. Receive me penitent and broken hearted to your arms and bless me.'

Pierre Matthieu,a joy was too intense to be expressed in words. He caught him in his arms, but ere he pressed him to his bosom, his fingers had crept over his left breast in search of the prized token of bravery and merit' while the maiden, whom the noise and confusion of the moment had called to the door, now looked with surprise and a newborn feeling of strange pleasure, upon the brother who had left his paternal home when she *was* an unconscious infant, and whom with her beloved father she had long as mourned dead to them.

WASHINGTON CITY.

"JOE SMITH D. D."

Joe Smith has got home again in triumph, bragging of his recent release, and the Mormons seem as fond of him as ever. They appear to have determined to pay no attention to the exposures relative to Joseph's gallantry to female saint's."

This is an apt illustration of our country in general just now. The people pay no attention to the numerous warnings they have had! On the contrary, every new development of crime, treachery or over reaching becomes a new lesson of imitation. We speak not of parties, we mean the whole population.

Corrupt, and ignorant as we are, however, there are still a few who love their country and lift their voice in opposition, to vice and political corruption.and speak out in favor of virtue and and patriotism, but their voices are drowned by the clamour of the ignorant,the *vocal* be aspiring.

We have been led to these remarks by the following.

THE END.

The Congress of the hard cider campaign has terminated, as it began, with bad omens. The spring itself seems to have postponed its coming, that this disastrous Congress may conclude its reign amiet the bleakness of winter—a freezing, shivering Friday; the earth clothed in the tatters of the winter's snows, instead of the young and budding verdure due to the season—the very emblem of the beggary which Whigery (or, to adopt the latest alias, Coonery) has brought upon the Government."—*last Friday's Globe.*

We should like to hear what argument the Globe would use, to prove that the "omens" it speaks of, ought to be applied to the going out, of the "hard-cider campaign" rather than the coming in of their successors.

The fetters of snow and freezing friday" can never obliterate the enormity of the criminal FRAUDS,—PECULATIONS—and the guilt of PERJURY, in violating their oaths of office—of the GLOBE party—LAID OPEN to the WORLD by the 27th CNNGRESS. The records of the 27th Congress.* Will remain a lasting monument of what evil men can do, under the administration of a weak government.!

Has the gentlemen of the Globe forgotten the peculations of 1838? We will try and refresh their memory ere long, upon facts. Assertions that "Whigery has brought beggary upon.

* Unless some thief cuts out the leaves, as they did in a certain book, in Congress library. We fancy the Globe can guess whom we mean.

The government, amounts to nothing, where is the evidence?

The Globe and its friends know these assertions to be untrue yet many are so ignorant as to believe them, let those take care of themselves. These insults cast upon Congress is meant for a large majority of the people who brought the Whigs into power. This looks more like the insolence of despotism than the equal rights of DEMOCRACY.

THE TRENTON (N. J.) EMPORIUM

The editor of this paper has had the assurance to slip his neck out of the junto—collar and is rated soundly *for* it by the Globe.

'We were a little struck with the sudden appearance of Mr. TYLER'S name at the head of the Trenton Emporium as its candidate for the Presidency. it was a staunch democratic press, and we knew its editor to be an honest man. The Pennsylvanian explains this marvellous change. The types have fallen into other hands, and hence the innocent Emporium has changed its politics The paper, it must be confessed has got the right name, considering the function it has now to perform. Emporium means a great mart for buying and selling. With the flag which it now puts out, and Mr. CO-RING behind the counter' no one can mistake the nature of the business which is to be carried on."

This small extract proves enough to show, there is DANGER a head! and that "the party supported by the Globe [that is, if it speaks their principles] are any thing but DEMOCRATS, or Republicans. It is a blow aimed at the FREEDOM OF THE PRESS, THE FREEDOM OF OPINION, THE FREEDOM of ELECTIONS, bids defiance alike to the civil law, and the laws of society.

A *respectable* citizen not only most foully slandered, but his, reputation assailed by dark insinuations of bribery, and other "marvellous" things, incompatable with the character of an honest man, a gentleman!

See for yourselves good people! Here is a man rich in MONEY and FRIENDS, and mark how he brow beats and lords it over freedom as though they were bond-slaves call yet this Democracy?

Not content with what he has—but grasping for more, and would not only strip his fellow freeman of his rights but his good name!

Of all men the editors ought to be silent on the subject of political "BUYING and selling."

HON EDWARD B. HUBLEY.

We had the pleasure to see our highly esteemed friend Mr. H., the past week, who is on his way to attend to some appointment under government in regard to Indian claims.

It will be recollected that Mr. H. was a member of Congress some years from Pennsylvania, and a most amiable man.

He is accompanyed by his interesting family—consisting of his lady and two sisters, who are spending a few days in our city.

Mrs. H. is the niece of our late minister to austria, Hon H. A. Muhlenberg also well known as an influential member of Congress.

These are all very agreeable ladies of plain, pleasant manners, and uncommonly kind and affable we wish them much happiness and prosperity where ever they go?

MISS JANE B. WESTBROOK.

In company with the ladies just mentioned, we met with Miss W. The accomplished daughter of Hon. John *Westbrook* a new member of the 27th Congress from Pennsylvania. Miss W. Is quite a young girl, rather tall, with a beautiful slender figure. Her face is round, and very fair, with thin regular—and delicate features Her forehead is *deep*, and smooth as ivory, with a most exquisitly pencilled brow. Her eye is a mild blue, and her countenance, is modesty and innocence itself. In her manners Miss W. is diffident, and retiring:

If she be as good as her father whom she strongly resembles, she is destined no doubt to make some man happy. *Ap pro pos* Miss Brannum In the group of ladies mentioned in the preceding remarks we met with the daughter of an old friend and no sunshine friend, was he?!

Mr. B. long since deceas'd, if we recollect was a *Bookseller* and *stationer* in this city, and was a gentleman—of sterling, honesty hospitality, and kindness, nor did we ever lose a friend whom we missed more. Imagine our surprise upon being introduced to a beautiful girl nearly grown, as the daughter of our friend! Miss B. is just buding into womanhood, and the very image of her father. Her skin is fair as alabaster, her cheeks like the rose, her ruby lip and ivory teeth, the witching dimples that revel in her soft cheek, her brilliant eye her modest mien her golden hair, would set a painter at defiance! Poor Innocent, we implore for her the protection of heaven!

HON. JAMES BUCHANAN.

One of the United States Senators of Pennsylvania. We are highly gratified to find (by some of our exchange papers) that Senator B. has had itself respect enough, and independence enough, not to yeild to his inferiors? In reply to an address of the citizens of his own state, respecting their wishes to make him President he says he "will stand by them, and consult their wishes in all things, this is MAGNANIMOUS.

WEEPING AND WAILING.

Hundreds of poor creatures men women are in great trouble about the loss of their claims in Congress some of them we learn have actually became deranged.

For ourself we have scarcly looked over a paper for a week or two.

What with taking leave of our friends, and hunting up senators to look after our bill—geting in wood to keep us from freezing, completey prostrated, we and wait to regain our formen vigor before we take one gentlemen senators in hand. We have 'hearn tell' on 'em' however quite a House of LORDS we have of it

THE HUNTRESS.

and for the same reason as above stated, We have used the scissors quite freely in the same time

OUR BILL!

This and the Widows bill so far as we can learn, met the same fate in the senate. particulars in our next:

HON SENATOR LINN, and the RIGHT HON A. H. SEVIER Voted (?) against (?) our bill. This looks extremely like "crossing the RUBICON"

If COL. R, M. JOHNSON had any agency in this foul act or does not DISOWN, and discard Mr. S. from his RANKS and patronage we will take down his portrait which has honored our humble SANCTUM for years,

It faces the door and is the first object that meets the eye of visitors.

By the way all the Irish, and workingmen in this city are for Johnson and have got up a paper to make him President?

One No. came to our office but some one took it off before we opened it. We shall see.

THE PHILADADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER.

Is about to be enlarged we are glad to hear the author of the MOBCAP has consented to delight her admire once more:

These enterprising gentlemen of the Courier ought to be encouraged by every man woman, and child in the United States because they encourage American writers

GREAT ENLARGEMENT.

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Prof, A, D, Bache,	Robert Morris,
Wm, E, Burton,	J, R, Chandler,
Mrs, E, F, Ellet,	Dr, J, K, Mitchell,

The Danville Clarion notices a 'strange phenomenon in the heavens,' witnessed at that place a few days ago, and at the conclusion of his paragraph, says to his patrons. "pay the printer" If they follow his advice and do pay, it will be the 'strangest phenomenon' 'ever dreamt of in the philosophy' of a printer before.—Miller's prophecy may turn out as true as preaching Joe Smith and his Mormon brethren may prove that they are not fools or hypocrites, an abolitionist may convince the world that his motives are pure and that he is not self deluded,—all these things might come to pass, because they are not beyond the pale of possibility—but for printer's patrons to toe the mark voluntarily, would indeed be wonderful.—Richmond (Ky. Chronicle.

Well said, Billy, 'now spell bird."

OWEN, EVANS & CO. Military and Naval Merchant Tailors, Pennsylvania Avenue, near Fuller's Hotel.

Naval and Military uniform executed in the latest style.

From the London Sunday Times.

THE MYSTERIES OF SASUAGE MAKING IN LONDON.

Jemmy Hoskings, a gentleman wearing a red cap, a remarkably greasy flannel jacket, and immensely thick overhaul stockings, appeared to sustain a claim for £1 18s 6d, against Thomas Tibbs, a wholesale dealer in beef and pork sausages, black puddings, saveloys and young Germans. It is impossible to say which was the dirtiest, the plaintiff or defendant—the whole of the gallery very readily and politely made way for the savory readers.

Commissioner—What's this claim for.

Jemmy Hoskins—For makin' p' sassingers, sir.

Defendant—You mean for spielein on 'em, Jemmy.

Jemmy Hoskins [knowingly]—I'll spile you afore your done. (Laughter.)

Commissioner—Do you mean to say that this is for wages?

Jemmy Hoskins—Yes, sir, for one week in wich I made a mat er o' 3 ton o' sassingers and young Germins. [Laughter.]

Commissioner—Three tons of sausages and young Germans? Why what do you mean? Explain yourself. How do you make them.

Jemmy Hoskins—Does your honor mean what do! what did we make 'em on! —co it I was to tell that, why, perhaps, [Laughter.]

Commissioner—Sir, you are bound to answer any question I ask. From what did you manufacture so many sausages, and young Germans, as you call them! Of beef!

Beef! said Jemmy Hoskins, reflectively, beef! pee—why, there fartinly were some beef that week, and, let me see, we had two green 'uns, and no less nor three luckies!

Commissioner—And pray, sir, what is a gree 'un,

Jemmy Hoskins—Vy, a hunfortunate pig, to be sure. a pig as do't die a natteral wiolent death—one as goes off wihout being stick'd. (Laughter)

Commissioner—The how does it die?

Jemmy Hoskins—Oh, various ways. Sometimes a pig gets the measels, and sometimes they get smothered, and dies that way.—(Great symptoms of nausea in Court)

Commissioner—But surely you don't use such unwholesome stuff tos food?

Jemmy Hoskins—No, sir, we chops 'em up for sassingers—(roars of laughter)—and wots werry bad indeed, we makes into saveloys and Germans. We seasons up all on 'em well, and dries 'em over burning sor dust!

Commissioner—Upon my word, you are a clever fellow. Pray, what po you mean by a lucky?—Tell the court what a lucky is?

Jemmy Hoskins—A luky, sir, is as one as meet with a haccident in the street—sich as breaking a leg, getting a shaft run inter him, and sich likes.—(Laughter.) We're sure to buy 'em cheap, cos he must be sold. Meat's beautiful, sir—you wouldn't know it fsom oxror beef. Why, we picks out the prime pert foo the cheap soup houses and penny pieshops. (Roars of laughter)

Commissioner—Well Mr. Thomas Tubbs, and what do you say to all this

Say sir (said Mr. Tibbs)—I stp as how this ere man's a lying warmint. The werry last key as he left me he spiled about three hundred weight of stuff.

Commissioner—Stuff!—what stuff?

Mr. Tubbs—Why, the sassage meat to be sure. Instead of rensing the proper licker inter the skins he run'd in cold water, and in course, the sassingers hadn't got no taste nor flavor in 'em at all.—(Laughter.)

Commissioner—You hear this, Mr. Jemmy Hoskins?

Yeat him [said Jemmy, indignantly]—in course I years him. The mornin' as he spoake on I was goin' to fill the skins, and he comes up to me, and, taking a handful of sassage meat, he smells to it, and then, a shakin his head he sez' Jemmy, sez he, this yere's rather to strong; you'd better give it a rince over over with the licker in the bilers.—Why, that's for makin ketchup, sez I, and that's my perquisite.

Commissioner—What, make catsup from water that horseflesh has been boiled in?

Jemmy Hoskins—Yes, sir, the best mushroom ketchup in the world. [Roars of laughter]

A fat sleep. headed jurysman here turned very sickly. Mr. Jemmy Hoskins continued Fact is, sir, nobody don know what he yeats in London. I want's my money, that all. I ain't said nothing about black puddings yet, nor young Germans, nor—[Laughter]

Commissioner—For Heaven's sake, say no more. Will you pay this man his claim?

After some altercations, Jemmy Hoskins agreed to take £1 10s in liquidation of all demands.

Immediately the case was over, our reporter was telegraphed by Mr. Thomas Tubbs, and an overture made, for the purpose of keeping the case out of the papers. The reporter referred the worthy sasuge maker to his editor.

The Scotchman boasts of goblets row,
Of naggis paunch and cockie leaker:
But sausage meat may bear the bell
From any filth in guipe Auld Reekie.
As Samuel Veller said to Maude—
'Don't buy your wittles ready cho'd'

Our Mary Ann.

Merry Miss Mary! you mischievous fairy!
With your 'twinkling feet,' and your twirl airy?
Think as one pleases, or do as one can,
You keep one from sleeping—you do, Mary Ann!

What in the devil's name brought you from Boston?
You smiling, beguiling, peace-slipping inventer you!
Distressing, impressing, short-dressing tormenter you;
I almost wish that the seas you'd been last on.
And that the mermaids—
Them'er maids
With the scaly continuations
Who seduce mariners from their occupations.
Leaving their ropes,
To indulge in hopes
That are altogether out of the question—
Had embraced a new daughter,
And that now half under water.
A thousand miles away;
At your play.
You couldn't disturb thus one's head and digestion!

Just think of it! [him—
What a state a man's in when his meat's no account to.
His affairs 'no affair,' and his cash no amount to him!
Just about sick.
I have not 'done a lick'
For two days and a half,
And tho' you may laugh.
If not in 'a fix,' I am just on the brink of it!

SPA-MA.

A HUMAN WIFE.—The Pennsylvania gives the following account, and thinks the lady alludee to must have been a relative of the celebrated Widow Grizzle, of evil trap memory.—

'Pooh; pooh!' said a humane lady, impatiently, to her expiring husband as he strove to give her a few last words, 'don't stop to talk, but go on with your dying.'

Cato, the Roman censor, said there were but three actions in his life that he regretted, one was the having revealed a secret to his wife; another, that he had once gone by sea when he might have gone by land, the other having spent one day without doing anything.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Some countries were talking of there household affairs, and in particular of the wages they gave their servants. One of them observed, that he gave his maitre d' hotel a hundred pistols—a second that he allowed his six hundred, 'And I,' said one, 'I go far beyond either of you, for I allow mine four thousand francs per annum. At first the whole party were astonished at this exorbitant allowance. At last one of them thought of putting the questions, 'But do you pay him.' 'Oh, no,' said he.

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER.—*Printed and published by A. M'Makin and E. Holden, at No. 72, Dock street, corner of Walnut.*

Terms of subscription—$3 per annum, $2 if paid in advance, $1 25 in advance for six months.

Of Advertising.—$1 per square for each insertion. No yearly advertising admitted. These terms have been adopted both because the number of subscribers are so much larger than all the daily papers united, as to make them actually cheaper, and because a repetition of old advertisements affords no interest to the readers.

Papers discontinued only at the option of the publishers, while arrearages are due.

Small notes are received in payment of our bills.

Any person forwarding 10 dollars will be entitled to six copies.

Postage on letters must invariably be paid.

Travelling Agents will much oblige by sending the numbers and time paid for, as well as invariably the names paid.

All remittances of money by mail are acknowledged in the "Receipts by Mail."

Agents for this paper are earnestly requested to make quick remittances, without which it is impossible to keep accounts even.

When a single paper is ordered by an agent and postage accrues, it is invariably charged to the subscriber.

Directions must always be accompanied with the name of the subscriber, and the Post Office at which a paper is discontinued or paid for, and in case of a removal, the office from, as well as to, which the paper is to be changed.

$100 REWARD.

DR. STORM'S SPECIFIC COMPOUND.

For the cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleets, Strictures, Diabetes or difficulty in making water, and all other unnatural discharges from uretha of either sex.

In no case has this medicine been known to fail, to effect a permanent cure, and too, in the shortest possible time. Should this medicine fail to effect a cure where it has been taken according to directions, return the empty vial and get back the money. Why then spend both time and money with such quack nostrums as cannot be depended upon: when a $1, you can purchase a pleasant sure and speedy cure, composed solely of vegetable substance! One hundred dollars will be paid to any one who will produce a medicine to equal this compound, or who will prove that it contains any mineral substance whatever.

☞For sale in Washington city by Robert Patterson, corner 9th and the Avenue and Charles C. Stott, corner of 7th street and the avenue—and by H. Wade on 7th street, and by J. & W. Young jr.

In Georgetown by John L. Kidwell.

FRESH

GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS

For sale, Wholesale and Retail, at

J. F CALLAN'S.

Drug Store. Corner of E and 7th street

WASHINGTON CITY:

Among which may be found the following Artichoke, Asparagus, Beans, various kinds; Beets, every variety; Brussels Sprouts, Broceli, Collards, Cabbage, many sorts, Carrots, do. do. Cauliflowers, late and early, Celer white and red, Chervil, or Salad, Corn Salad Cress or Pepper Grass; Cucumber, late and early; Corn, early, prolific, and sweet; Egg Plant, white and purple; Endive Curled, Kale for Borecole; Leek, English and Scotch and all the best sorts; Melons and Canteloupes—Nasturtium; Okra, excellent for Soups; Onions, white, red and silve, Parsley, plain and curled; Parsnip, large, Peas, extra early, and late, Pepper, Squash and other, Pumpkins, preminum, Radishes, many sorts, Rhubarb, for Tarts Salsify or Vegetable Oyster—Spinage round and quickly—Squash, every variety, Tomato, the finest kind; Turnip, all the best sorts, Onion Sets, &c. &c.

Splendid Flower seeds, Bulbous Roots Dahlias, &c. &c.

☞These seeds are put up in small and convenient parcels, and are warranted true and genuine. The Roots, (particularly the Dahlias, are of the most beautiful description, comprise all the varieties, and will be sold at the New York prices.

☞Orders from distance punctually attended to, and Seeds Roots, and plants carefully packed to go to any part of the United States.

JOSEPH NOCK.—(formerly of Philadelphia. Pennsylvania Avenue, between 12th and 13th Streets, South side, next door to the Star Coffee House, Washington, D. C. Manufacturer of Patent Trunk, Pad and Other Locks, warranted Security of BRAMAH, and other improved Patents for Banks, Stores, Prisons, Dwelling Houses, with Safety Tumbler Night Latches, and small keys: Secret and Extra Locks, made to order, with the key carried in a Finger-ring, for small as well as for large front door locks.

N. B. Repairing in general, not only of Locks, but Clocks, Musical and Mathematical Instruments, &c. Also, Polishing or Cleaning of any instruments or machinery of metal, will be neatly and promptly executed.

MICHAEL McDERMOTT wishes to inform his customers and the Public in general, that he still continues to carry on the COACH MAKING BUSINESS, in all its branches, on Penn. avenue between Third and Four-and-a-half streets, where he keeps constantly on hand for sale Family Carriages, Barouches, Vehicles, Buggies, Sulkies, Gigs, Carryalls, &c. made of the best materials and by selected workmen. He hopes by strict attention to business, to receive a share of public patronage.

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY MUSEUM.

SELECT AND ORIGINAL GEMS FROM.

Miss Leslie,	— Mr. Arthur,
Miss. Sigourney,	— Mr. Irving,
Miss. Sedgwick,	— Mr. Cooper,
Mrs. Hale,	— Mr. Morris,
Mrs. Stephens,	— Mr. Chandler,
Mrs Loud,	— Mr. Dr. Bird.
Miss H. Gould,	— &c. &c. &c.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

At an early period, will be announced the offer of One thousand dollars, which the Proprietors intend awarding premiums for the best Literary Production, Instructive Stories, Touching and Affecting Descriptions, Essays, Poems, &c., in order to enlist the strongest army of the best Native Talent in favor of this great Literary Enterprise. It being, in fact, the determination of the proprietor, to leave nothing undone, and to spare no pains, exertions, or expense.

Every subscriber to this paper will receive a copy of Clarke's American Pocket Library, noticed below, without charge, thus rendering the Saturday Museum the most desirable, the most attractive, and the cheapest Family Newspaper that has ever been published in the United States.

AGENTS—TERMS COMMISSIONS

&c. Any individual who will take the trouble to procure the names of his friends, and remit the funds, will be entitled to the commissions which are at present, and will continue to be, until further notice, more liberal by far, than have yet been offered by any Newspaper of real character or merit. A commission of 70 cents will, for the present, be allowed to Agents upon each subscriber.

TERMS.—The Philadelphia Saturday Museum is published every week at two dollars per annum, as usual, in advance, or 3 dollars at the end of the year.

For 20, dollars in current funds, 18 copies of the Newspaper, and 16 copies of the Library, will be forwarded, securely packed, to any part of the United States. 2 copies for 3. Dollars. All orders and communications to be addressed, free of postage, to.

THOS. C. CLARKE & CO.
Saturday Museum,
No 101 Chestnut street, Philadelphia—

We shall be glad to exchange with newspapers that will oblige us by copying the above

TO SUIT THE TIMES—TOBACCO CIGARS, SNUFF. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends, and the public generally, but he has commenced the above business at No. 6. east of Gadsby's Hotel. Having an experience of four or five years, and a thorough practical knowledge of the manufacture of Tobacco in all its varieties, it may confidently be expected that he will keep constantly on hand the most excellent articles, (and at uncommon low prices too,) in the Tobacco line, imported into this country. He hopes, by a devotedness to his business, to meet with encouragement from a generous public, whom it will be his greatest, desire to please. He has now in store, and for sale, the following choice brands of Tobacco, Cigars, and Snuff;

CIGARS.

Regalia	Principe Perez
Reformers	Principe Delgado
Imperial	Principe Mellina
Cazadores	Havana Legitimo
Rifle	Tabacos Superior
Industry	Canonzs
Havana Laflor	La Norma

Also Cigars of every variety extant.

CHEWING TOBACCO.

Bridges's Diamond Jesse Hare's sun cured
Russell & Robertsons Wright's
Holsey's Aold Chop Small Lump of v. bds.

SNUFFS.

President's Mixture	Rappee
Maccaboy	Natchitoches
Congress	snuff Boxes of b. pat

N. B. The undersigned will do business on the cash system, and consequently will be able to furnish goods at least 25 per cent. cheaper than any other establishment in the District. All goods sold by the subscriber as warranted can be returned if not found to be what a represented. W. H. WINTER.

HELP TO PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS.—Being a series of calculations, showing the quantity of paper required for any given number of signatures in bookwork, and the number of tokens embraced therein; carried out to an extent embracing the largest jobs. Also, containing similar tables for job work, bills, labels, duplicates of bookwork, &c. by Samuel N. Dickinson, 1 volume of 240 pages, price one dollar and twenty-five cents.

Dec 31 F. TAYLOR.

NOTICE TO WESTERN TRAVELLERS.

Travellers are hereby notified they can procure seats for Wheeling and P'ttsburg, by applying to the conductors of the Washington Railroad cars, which will entitle them to preference upon their arrival at Hancock over all other way-passengers.

Passengers wishing to proceed direct to the West will take the morning train of cars from Washington at 6 o'clock for the Relay House where they can breakfast, and take the Western train for Hancock immediately afterwards.

For further information apply to S. STETTINIUS, Agent Balt. and Wash. Railroad Co.

NEW GUIDE TO WASHINGTON.

By G. Watterston, Esq—The above work is just published, with a frontispiece of the Statue of Washington by Greenough, and contains every thing relating to the history of Washington, and its progress and improvement since its origin to the citizen and stranger, and is a perfect guide to all its object of curiosity, and to every thing that a stranger would be desirous to make himself acquainted with, while a sojournor in it, or a resident abroad. It gives a true picture of Washington, though not a mere picture book—half its institutions, works of art, &c., are briefly but satisfactorily described. It sketches its usages customs, manners, and religious and moral tone of its society—public buildings, literary, social, and other institutions—its location, the condition of the legal and medical professions, its growth and character of its resident population—gives an abstract of its municipal regulations, civil and criminal courts—duties of the principal executive officers of the General Government, of the committees of Congress, and a great variety of useful, local, and general information which a resident as well as a stranger would be pleased to possess. Among the descriptions of the societies which have been organized in Washington, are two at considerable length, and of great interest—one, of the National Institution, and the other of the Society of Odd Fellows.

The work is printed in a neat and handsome style, of over 200 pages, and for sale at the book-store of R. FARNHAM, corner of 11th street and Pennsylvania avenue.

THE HUMAN HAIR is warranted staid or restored, and the head kept free from Dandruff, by the genuine *Oldrige's Balm of Columbia.*

Remember the genuine as described below.

This is certified to by several Mayors, Ministers of the Gospel. British Consuls Physicians, and a great number of our most honorable citizens, to be seen where it is sold.

DARING FRAUD.—This article has been imitated by a notorious counterfeiter. Let it never be purchased or used unless it have the name of L. COMSTOCK, or the signature of COMSTOCK & CO. on a splendid wrapper. This is the only external test that will secure the Public from deception.

Apply at the wholesale and retail office No. 2 Fletcher street, near Maiden Lane and Pearl street.

COMSTOCK. & CO.
Wholesale Druggists, New York.

A great variety of the most worthless trash for the hair has sprung upon the sale of this article. This has stood the best 21 years, and rapidly increased in favor

Agents.—Mr. Patrick Conolly, 118 Ann Boston;—Henry Mc. Keon, Willings Aley, Philadelphia;—Mr. John Farnon *Utica.* N. Y.;—Mr. T. Mathew McLeod Georgetown, D. C.—Mr. Peter Haynes Savannah, Geo.—and the office of the *U.* S. Catholic Miscellany, Charleston, S. C.

It is known fact that this great controversy has converted more sectaries to the Catholic Church in England and Ireland than any other work whatever—and has also been the happy means of bringing great numbers to the true faith in the *United* States. It is therefore hoped that every sincere Catholic will lend his aid by putting down his name, to prevent so valuble a work from being out of print, more parlularly when for his subscription, he will receive the utmost value.

SHERWOOD'S ELECTRO MAGNETIC REMEDIES FOR CHRONIC DISEASES.

Of the class of Hypetrophy, including the forms of Scrofula, viz: Tubercula Consumption, Dyspepsia, Chronic Disease of the Liver, of the Heart of the Spleen, of the Kidneys, of the Spine, White Swellings, Scrofulous Sore Eyes, Scald Head, King' Evil, Leucorrhœa, Chlorosis, Menorrhaga or Females complaints.

These are but different modifications of the same disease, arising from the same cause, distinguished by the same disagnosis, and curable by the same remedies. Their common cause is an irregulat action of the Electro-Galvanic forces in the system—they may all be detected by presure upon the sides of the vertebra and glands of the neck which elicits the Electro. magnetic remedies: The latter are accompanied by a compendious medical treatise, explaining the principles of the discovery upon which they are founded, stating the manner in which they are to be applied. In this work Dr. Sherwood demonstrates the fact that every part of the human body, together with every particla of animate and inanimate matter either in i negative or positive state of electro and that very motion, in all matter, whether in the lare est masses or in the smallest particles, is pro duced by the attracting and repelling force o this universal principle. The morbid actio which produces disease of the organs or limbs seems to be occasioned by the undue preponderance of one of these forces in the system and his remedies restore health by subduing this irregular action to an equilibrium. By this means the very seeds of the disease are eran cated, and a permanent cure effected, even d cases where all hope of relief from other sourcin is abandoned. The Electro-Magnetic remedies are the only preparations applicable to this prevailing class of diseases and they never disap point the confidence reposed in them these symptoms of the class of diseases to which they are applicable can be discovered, under the directions contained in the work whichaccompanies it, without the aid of a physician, and can be used with perfect safety and success without dieting orinconvenience.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN'S PLAIN AND FANCY SHOE STORE.

Manufactured by James Jack.

The undersigned has opened a cheap and fashionable Shoe Store, on Penn. Avenue, nearly opposite Brown's Hotel, between Sixth and Seventh streets, where he will always keep on hand an assortment of Lady's and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes of the best manufacture and materials, and of the most fashionable style. Among which are.

MEN'S fine seal, Morocco, and calf	boots
Do grain, Calf and Kip welted,	do.
Do coarse thick	do.
Do Brogans and Monroe	do.
Do pumps and Calf	shoes.

BOYS Boots, Brogans, and dress shoes.
LADIES AND MISSES fine Calf, Seal, and Morocco walking do.
Do Do fine Kid and Gaiters.

All of which the undersigned will sell cheap. Apply as above. JAMESH. BIRCH.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber has taken the City Lunch, corner of 14th street and Pennsylvania avenue, formerly kept by John Handy jr. where he intends keeping all the delicacies of the season, both in the eating and drinking away. Gentlemen will please call and taste for themselves.

JOHN PURDON.

STEAMBOAT HOTEL.

The subscriber having taken the large and commodious Hotel on Seventh street, one door rom the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue, facing Centre Market, formerly occupied by John Lloyd, Esq.

Of this long established house, for convenience and comfortable apartments, little need be said. The subscriber, also long known to the Public, is prepared to accommodate boarders and travellers at the shortest notice. His table is plentifully furnished with the best the market affords, prepared by experienced cooks, and attentive servants.

His bar is furnished equal to any in the United States.

JAMES P. GANNON.

December 10, 1843.

DEPOT HOUSE.

This is a new tavern recently opened by MICHAEL McDERMOTT, at that popular stand formerly occupied by Mr. McGuire, immediately opposite the car office, on Pennsylvania Avenue. Mr. McD. has long been known to the public as a successful carriage maker, and a most amiable man.

He has fitted up the house in a neat and commodious style, and solicits a portion of the public patronage. He is prepared to entertain travellers and citizens at the shortest notice. He has a well furnished bar and provided with good beds and stables.

NOTICE TO WESTERN TRAVELLERS.

FARE 2 dollars cheaper than any other line Frederick or Wheeling.

The Fredericktown stage leaves the office opposite Gadsby's Hotel, daily, for Frederick and Wheeling. Passengers securing their seats at this place or in Baltimore, have a decided preference over all other passengers that steam it, for this reason.

The stage will leave Fredericktown daily on the arrival of the Western stages, and arrive at Washington in time to take all Southern routes. by this line the passengers will arrive at Winchester the same day.

The coaches and teams on this route are o the first quality, with skiltul and attentive drivers, and the proprietor pledges himself tha every attention and accommodation will be given to the passengers who give this line their patronage.

feb 19 JOHN BROWN, Proprietor.

Lo 25 cents per yard. Silk Blond Quilling, cents per yard, worth 6 cents. New style Ribbed Ribbon, only 4 cents per yard. Quillings of all kinds, from 1 cent upwards; Nets for caps from 3 to 50 cents per yard. Brussels Net. 9 yards wide, 37 1-2 cents per yd., worth one Dollar. Ladies' Dress Caps, made in the new style, and well trimmed, only 37 1-2 cents per piece. Newest style of capes, collars, and collaretts of all descriptions, from 12 1-2 cents to one dollar. Ladies' and Gentlemen's French Kid Gloves, from 25 to 50 cents per pair, with a good assortment of insertings, footings, thread edging, black laces and edgings, &c., very cheap. Also, Bonnet and Cap Ribbons, uncommonly cheap. Muslin collars, trimmed with lace, two for a fip, and other articles, too numerous to mention.

Affixed prices and no abatement.

JAMES T: KING.

PERSEVERANCE COFFEE HOUSE.

THE subscriber having taken the PERSEVERANCE COFFEE HOUSE, formerly occupied by John Hancock, a few doors south of corner of 6th street and Pennsylvania Avenue, begs leave to inform the Public that his Bar is furnished with as good Spirituous Liquors, Wines, Porter, Ale and Cider, as in any other establishment in the ipty—and he intends keeping a constant supply of the best Oysters, cooked in every and for private families.

WILLIAM BENTE

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In Georgetown by John *L.* Kidwell.

IRISH GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS

For sale. Wholesale and Retail, at

J. F CALLAN'S.

Drug Store, Corner of E and 7th street

WASHINGTON CITY:

Among which may be found the following Artichoke, Asparagus, Beans, various kinds; Beets, every variety; Brussels Sprouts, Broceli, Collards, Cabbage, many sorts, Carrots, do. do. Cauliflowers, late and early, Celer white and red, Chervil, or Salad, Corn Salad Cress or Pepper Grass; Cucumber, late and early; Corn, early, prolific, and sweet; Egg Plant, white and purple; Endive Curled, Kale for Borecole; Leek, English and Scotch and all the best sorts; Melons and Cantelopes—Nasturtium; Okra, excellent for Soups; Onions, white, red and silve, Parsley, plain and curled; Parsnip, large, Peas, extra early, and late, Pepper, Squash and other, Pumpkins, preminum, Radishes, many sorts, Rhubarb, for Tarts Salsify or Vegetable Oyster—Spinage round and quickly—Squash, every variety, Tomato, the finest kind; Turnip, all the best sorts, Onion Sets, &c. &c.

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AMERICAN POCKET LIBRARY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, WITH ENGRAVINGS.

CONTAINING one thousand Receipts, toins &c., for Agriculture and succes Farming. Health, its preservation; the c of Flowers, Silk, Sugar Beets, &c., tre Horses, of Birds, and Stock generally— ory, Bees, &c. The management of the beauy and preservation of the Teeth, w structions fc the ladies in cooking, preser pic ling—making ice creams, healthy dr &a. Atth Canals, Railroads, Phrase time of hlding Elections, Qualifications o ers, and oan immense amount of Poli tatistical, Geographical, and General Info on, relating to the General Government, he various States and Territories of the onret—ifllnurns of the last census, popula resources, &c. of each State—Girard's W Washington's Farewell Address, Table Distances between all Cities, Gold and S Coins, and Weights and Measures of all tons, *Laws of Naturalization*, Patent Ri nd the Constitution of the *United* State re, with the Amendments, &c.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

From the *United* States Gazette.

There is scarcely a subject which comes notice in the daily walks of life, but what is laid down familiarly illustrated. The ob of tee compiler eas been to make his boo CLMPLETE VADE MECUM, and in this he sncceeded.

From the Pennsylvania Inquirer & Cour

A capital little volume, replete with infor tion gleaned from a thousand sources, and the most AUTHENTIC CHARACTER: The pr (50 cents) is exceedingly reasonable;

From the Saturday Chronicle,

We have never seen a volume of the s size embracing any thing like the quanity useful matter: The work is really a treas and should speedily find its way into every fa ily,

Two editions have already been sold: F five dollars enclosed to the publisher, THOS C. CLARKE, fifteen copies, in flexible cove will be securely packed and forwarded by m to any part of the *United* States, or two cop for one dollar. Address, post poid,

THOS. C. CLARKE,
101 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

TO SUIT THE TIMES—TOBACCO CIGARS, SNUFF, WHOLESAL AND RETAIL.

—The subscriber respe fully informs his friends, and the public ge erally, but he has commenced the above bu ness at No. 6. east of Gadsby's Hotel. Ha ing an experience of four or five years, and thorough practical knowledge of the manufa ture of Tobocco in all its varieties, it may co fidently be expected that he will keep constan ly on hand the most excellent articles. (and uncommon low prices too.) in the Tobacc line, imported into this country. He hopes, b a devotedness to his business, to meet with e couragement from a generous public, whom will be his greatest, desire to please. He h now in store, and for sale, the following choic brands of Tobacco, Cigars, and Snuff;

CIGARS.

Regalia	Principe Perez
Reformers	Principe Delgado
Imperial	Principe Mellins
Cazadores	Havana Legitimo
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